CATHOLIC RADICAL

"...to foster a society based on creed instead of greed." Peter Maurin

August/September 2026 ***Price: For whatever it's worth.***

1st Time Arrestees Reflect

Editor's Note: Patrick O'Neill, of the Charlie Mulholland Catholic Worker in Garner, North Carolina, invited friends, members of the Atlantic Life Community, and other Catholic Workers to celebrate his 70th birthday by committing civil disobedience at the Pentagon in March. Twenty-seven people were arrested, while holding anti-war signs and praying for peace.

Patrick O'Neill, on the right, kneeling at the Pentagon in prayer for peace

Perhaps because the group filed a pre-trial motion which said they intended First Amendment and freedom of religion defenses at trial, the prosecutor dismissed all charges, while reserving the right to bring them up again in the future.

Unfortunately, shortly after the arrest, Patrick suffered a stroke. Since he was still hospitalized on the day of the arraignment, the other defendants wore shirts depicting Patrick at the Pentagon. Please keep him and his family in your prayers.

The following reflections are from first-time Pentagon arrestees in what has come to be called the Pentagon 27.

My name is **Bonnie Klein**, from North Carolina, and I just had my first experience at civil disobedience. I was asked by my friend, Patrick O'Neill, if I would like to attend his 70th birthday party. He told me he didn't want any gifts. He just wanted friends to join him in protesting war at the Pentagon. I told him I would be happy to accept his invitation, but at age 83, I no longer drive. He told me he could find me a ride if I didn't mind riding with someone else. I told him I would be happy to, since I used to frequently go to Fayetteville to protest war before my husband got ill and passed away. He said we would be singing and praying for peace at the Pentagon.

I have to admit I did not agree just because it was Patrick's birthday, but because I was not happy doing nothing when my country was actually initiating war and killing innocent people, especially children.

Patrick kept his word and found me a driver, who picked me up and drove me all the way to Arlington, Virginia from Raleigh, North Carolina! Along the way, we became great friends, and because we both ended up being arrested, we got to spend another few days together when we had to return for a court appearance.

In court, I was upset about being falsely

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Capitalism Degrades Mental Health

by Mitch Strahlman

A crisis of mental health is plaguing our world. More than one billion people, or 14% of the global population, live with a mental disorder. Anxiety and depressive disorders are the most common mental health disorders, which make up more than two-thirds of all mental health conditions. From 2011 to 2021, the number of people afflicted with mental disorders grew faster than the global population. Every year, over seven hundred thousand people die by suicide, and in 2021, suicide accounted for more than one in every one hundred deaths globally. For every suicide death, there are twenty suicide attempts.

Those living with these mental health disorders are severely underserved. Particularly in low-income countries, systems that are designed to address these disorders fall short due to lack of resources, research, services, and governance. Other health conditions can be prioritized over mental health disorders, and community-based mental health care consistently remains underfunded.

Individualistic approaches to mental health are used primarily for diagnoses, as opposed to frameworks that address broad social, political, and economic factors. Chief among these factors is capitalism, which remains a strong determinant of poor mental health. Defined as the economic system where the means of production are owned privately and development occurs via accumulation of profits, capitalism fails to create the conditions of a mentally

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Mental Health

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healthy population writ large.

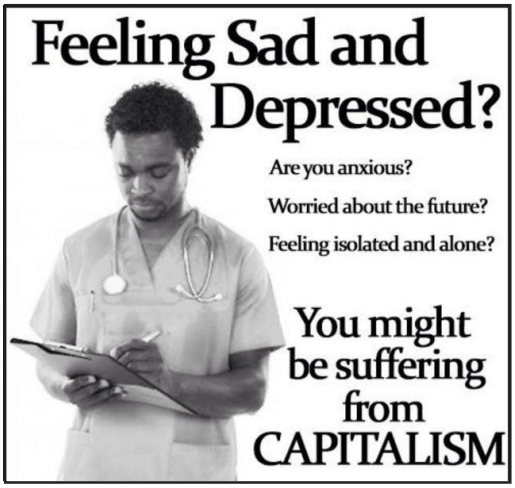
What makes capitalism particularly damaging is its requirement for one to sell their labor power to live. Inherent to this, for most people, is a job that is not pleasurable, which is linked to poor mental health. To avoid an unpleasant work experience that is often physically, mentally, and emotionally tiring, people turn to leisure activities. These often revolve around passive, individual, and consumerist activities, like television, as opposed to community-driven and intellectually demanding pursuits, like community gardening.

This oscillation between work and leisure keeps people in a cycle of selling their labor power and passive consumption, with goods like cars, houses, and accessories often becoming markers of social prestige. Also inherent to social prestige is wealth; larger differences in income inequality can lead to an increased perceived importance of this social status, subsequently increasing status competition, leading to conditions such as chronic stress.

This cycle also isolates us from our communities, as we compare each other based on the vapid assignment of status on property instead of cooperating on holistic community needs. It can even isolate us from ourselves spiritually. What would we do with our lives if we didn't have to sell our body, mind, and spirit? What does a system that discourages community do to our mental health?

The busy-ness of selling our labor power to live and the subsequent idleconsumption of our hobbies create the conditions for high rates of mental health illnesses. Subsequently, the atrocities we are witnessing that are being funded by our tax dollars—family separations by ICE, Gazan and Lebanese civilians and children being bombed by Israel, an Iranian children's school being bombed by the US military, and our government's —general exploitation of the global South contributes to this poor mental health. These events either exacerbate our already degraded mental health, push some towards increasingly passive activities, thus removing them from global solidarity, are not known by others due to capitalist-captured media propaganda, or worse, are simply ignored by others.

How can we as society remove ourselves from capitalism and thrive mentally and emotionally? We should embrace that this departure, and overthrow of the capitalist system should be a continuously ongoing movement until we are free from its extractive characteristics. Dorothy Day understood this. In her column "On Pilgrimage," she wrote "We need to overthrow, not the government…but this rotten, decadent, putrid industrial capitalist system which breeds such suffering…."


Feeling Sad and Depressed?
Are you anxious?
Worried about the future?
Feeling isolated and alone?
You might be suffering from CAPITALISM

She also provided us with guidance on how to go about this in her first editorial in *The Catholic Worker* and how she wanted to bring attention "to the fact that the Catholic Church has a social program—to let them know that there are men of God who are working not only for their spiritual, but for their material welfare."

Catholic Worker Farms, community and other church gardens, and mutual aid networks, for example, all point to material endeavors we can engage in to retake our mental health via separation from capitalism. In these webs of lateral networks, we can build resilient food sources, provide material and emotional support through mutual aid, and slowly chip away at disintegrating the top-down hierarchical nature of an exploitative capitalist society.

These lateral networks play a role in combating the exploitation of wage labor. They replace idle hobbies with fulfilling ones, stimulate community relationships, and better our collective mental health. We must not only integrate ourselves into our communities for our own mental health, but, more importantly, for our duty to be merciful, cooperative, and respectful of human dignity and the common good. Centered in this is the universal kinship of humankind through a sense of oneness with one another.

Although capitalism plays an integral role in the degradation of our mental health, these decentralized means of cooperation provide the ultimate guiding light to helping ourselves through helping our neighbors. Ω

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CATHOLIC **RADICAL**

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Consistency

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

Watching a *Netflix* series on George Washington and Geoffrey Ward and reading Ken Burn's book **The American Revolution** made me aware that the times were more complex than I was taught back in the bicentential year. While the series and the book relate familiar stories of colonists who defended liberty, they also point out that many of our founding fathers were slave owners. The 40% of Virginia's population, which was enslaved, stood to gain nothing by American independence. Jefferson's "all men are created equal" referred to white, landed men— less than a third of the population.

The American Revolution includes this story about George Washington's arrival at his new headquarters in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1775:

He noticed a six-year-old Black boy named Darby Vassal swinging on the gate. The boy said he had been born in the house; his parents had worked there. Washington urged him to come inside and get something to eat; he had plenty of chores for him to do. When the boy asked what sort of wages could he expect, Washington thought the question impertinent an "unreasonable."

Darby Vassal lived to be a very old man, and when asked, he liked to say that in his experience, Washington "was no gentleman," since he expected a boy to work for free.

Washington was shocked at the sight of Black militiamen encamped alongside their white fellow townsmen. Unaccustomed to seeing Black men as anything but slaves, and unconvinced that they could ever make good soldiers, Washington persuaded the Massachusetts Committee of Safety to enlist no more of them, even though at least 88 and perhaps as many as 150 had fought on Breed's Hill [at the misnamed battle of Bunker Hill]."

Playing on the contradiction of slave owners championing liberty, the British offered freedom to enslaved Blacks who'd fight for King George. Many hundreds escaped to take up the offer. The "land of the free and home of the brave" did not ban slavery until 1863 and did not assure relatively equal civil rights for Blacks until 1963. In contrast, Great Britain banned the buying and selling of slaves in 1807 and their ownership in 1833.

Hearing about America's revolutionary inconsistency reminded me of people I work with on nuclear disarmament, immigration reform, and the environment who are also strong supporters of Zionism. To me, they seem like intelligent and compassionate people with a glaring blind spot that allows them to accept incredible violence against Palestinians and others in the Middle East.

On reflection though, it's so much easier to see the faults of others than my own. People who work with me might consider me an intelligent and compassionate person who turns a blind eye toward the oppression of women by remaining a Roman Catholic, a church which allows only male priests and deacons. Remaining a Catholic, when a dozen other Christian denominations ordain women, raises serious questions.

As Catholic Workers, who try to go to the roots of our tradition, we believe God is at once beyond and inclusive of all gender, even though Jesus was a historical male. We believe in a Holy Spirit, described so beautifully, in the Book of Wisdom, exclusively in the feminine. In my community, when we pray the Lord's prayer, we say "Our Abba" as Jesus did because it has less sexist connotations than "father." In 1986, we prayed the Rosary for the ordination of women outside Saint Paul's Cathedral during the ordination of men, for whom we also prayed.

In spite of all this awareness, our call for the ordination of women has taken a back seat to many other issues. Like liberal supporters of Israel, we say we oppose all injustice while going with the flow in at least one glaring instance.

This realization demands action. To start off, I'm adding the ordination of women to my daily prayers for nuclear disarmament, end of war, immigrant rights, economic justice for the poor, defense of the environment, and individual prayers for my godchildren, friends who are ill, President Trump, and Pope Leo.

This article stands as a reminder that sexism and racism are realities that should not be ignored. Our paper reaches many practicing Catholics, some of them clergy, who can also raise their voices for change.

It's good to realize that change is possible. The English translation of the Catholic creed used to read: "We believe in the Holy Spirit... He has spoken through the prophets." Now that section is stripped of gender and reads "who has spoken through the prophets." We are only a step away from "**She** has spoken through the prophets."

Together, we can embody the Church Saint Paul imagined when he said in his letter to the Galatians, "...**there is no male and female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus**."

One of the strongest pulls for Claire and me to remain Catholic is our belief in the literal presence of Christ in the Eucharist. We believe the first presence on earth of the body of Christ came to humanity through a woman named Mary without the intercession of a man. In a real way, wasn't she the first priest? Ω

Arrestees

(Continued from Page 1)

accused of blocking the entrance to the Pentagon, I did not mind the initial charge of "interfering with agency function" that was written on the ticket I was presented with after being arrested that day! Personally, I would have loved nothing more than to interfere with that agency's function!

My name is **Angélica Fogarty**, 22 years old. I grew up as a rebellious cradle Catholic in Florida, spending much of my free time traversing its pine flatwoods, mangrove forests, and wetlands. I just graduated from Fordham University in New York City with a degree in Environmental Studies and Anthropology.

During my first year of college, I met the New York Catholic Worker. My first encounter with the Workers was at a vigil for Yemen. I learned a lot that day about geopolitics and the way that people of faith are showing up to resist the destruction of innocent life on Earth. The Catholic Workers opened my mind to injustices in society that are often swept under the rug to perpetuate hegemonic systems of imperialism and domination.

Here in New York City and across the United States, we live in a pervasive culture of violence of which we are either blissfully ignorant or wholly desensitized. American overconsumption is dependent on the exploitation of people and the Earth. Our economy is built on structural and systematized violence. Unnecessary war continually provoked by the United States government is the most striking example. Beyond the millions of innocent human lives lost, the military-industrial complex is also one of the world's heaviest polluters and climate threats.

According to the **Catechism of the Catholic Church**, the 5th commandment, "**you shall not kill**" means that the church insistently urges everyone to prayer and to action so that divine goodness may free us from the ancient bondage of war. Prayer, witness, and action was exactly the purpose of our gathering at the Pentagon on March 27th. As a Christian, an environmentalist, and a conscientious person, the decision to attend seemed straightforward and obvious.

I also chose to attend the action because of my deep reverence and gratitude towards the elders within the Catholic Worker movement and the Atlantic Life Community. It is a deep privilege to be able to learn from their experience and wisdom and to continue their tradition of resistance and radical hospitality.

I am filled with peace and gratitude about being one of the Pentagon 27. I feel that I learned a lot from the experience of the action, as well as our zoom calls and subsequent court date. The process deepened my connection to a broad network of friends and allies, emboldening me to continue the work of cultivating peace in my own heart, community, and nation moving forward. I look forward to working together again soon, and until then, to the other 26, all I can say is thank you!

My name is **Delaney Wilder**, 68 years grown (groan?) based in Charleston, SC. My formative years were in a military family, my father an operative for the Central Intelligence Agency. Following a career as a research ecologist, my time is now primarily devoted to global peace activism and wildlife habitat restoration.

I'm blessed to have been one of the 27 folks arrested at the Pentagon this past March for singing and praying for peace adjacent to an employee entrance.

For me, witnessing at the Pentagon was a multi-faceted surrender to obedience and faith. Most profoundly, it was my response to the inner voice and call of Christ consciousness. I was fully confident that taking a prayerful, non-violent stand for love of all humanity and peaceful co-existence with all of creation was more than the right thing to do; it was commanded and sanctified by God. Secondly, I sensed strongly that the spiritual solidarity of standing and kneeling in union with so many joyfully inspiring souls from the Catholic Worker ranks would offer humble empowerment and the feeling of returning home to a family that I had yet to meet.

So there was really no hesitation, just grace in joining my new Catholic Worker family at the gates of hell. On March 27, 2026, at the headquarters of the US Department of Defense, the global center for unbridled atrocity, the Pentagon, that is precisely what we did.

I believe from my heart in what we did that day, including the so-called "legal" repercussions. Every pebble cast upon the boundless waters creates ripples that we usually can't see. The ripples are God's job. I'm grateful simply to take a place with other obedient followers along His shore.

My name is **Patricia Colthurst**, 80 years old. I was raised in a military town, Norfolk, Virginia, and my Dad was an enlisted airman. When I was young, I

thought everyone's Dad was in the Navy.

I first learned about other people needing my help in Catholic elementary school. I went home and told my Mom about i,t and she basically told me that we take care of family first, and that meant the extended families; each of my parents had nine siblings. So to give something in the classroom, I would ask my Mom for a nickel to get a fudgesicle at lunch, and put it in the poor box instead. I took that idea of giving to those who have less very seriously at a young age, and it stuck.

In Catholic high school, sacrifice was still the go-to word. The public schools had been closed in 1958 rather than let black children enroll. When I asked my Dad about it, saying that we had black children in our Catholic school classrooms, he just said it was complicated and wrong. I never heard integration spoken of from the pulpit, or in civics class in school.

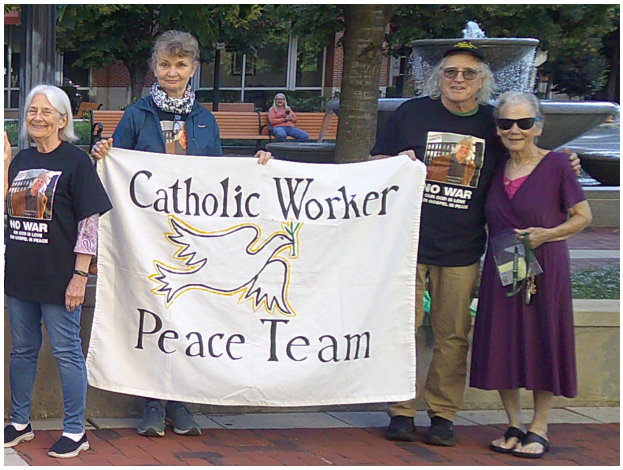
The first time I ever thought of protesting was during the Vietnam War; however that idea was nixed immediately because I was married to a naval officer. So I lived my life raising our children, going back to school to earn my college degree, and working outside the home. I did show my children that one could do good through service, and not just through giving money.

After my children were grown, I was introduced to the Sowers of Justice and the Catholic Worker. I learned more about service, and how to be in solidarity with folks, and how so many people are not seen, much less heard, or included. I joined the Haiti ministry at our parish and was privileged to go to visit our twin parish four times, trying to help build a relationship between our parish and theirs. I also found a silent, week-long retreat, called the Encounter With Silence. Dorothy Day made the retreat many times, and I am happy to say so have I. Sadly, I also lost five close family members between 2001 and 2021.

When Mom died in late 2023, I thought I was fine, strong and good to carry on. Well, apparently not, because I was sick in some way for the next 18 months. I had my driver's license suspended for medical reasons, had to be watched over for two months by my son. I literally caved in.

But, since June of 2025, things have been on the uptake. On Friday June 20, 2025, I went on my first ever protest with the Catholic Worker, against the current war, and on June 28, 2025, I went to a Sowers of Justice all day Training Session. So for the last year, I have been giving my time and energies to these two "support groups" of mine. When Steve Baggarly [of the Norfolk Catholic Worker] sent out the email about Patrick's birthday and the civil disobedience, I asked him if I could come along even though I had not been part of the group before. He agreed.

Truthfully I was intrigued by the whole idea. I had heard stories of Steve's arrests over the years, but never imagined myself doing anything like that. I didn't think I had the courage. I thought about it a lot before I went to Arlington, and just decided to put it in God's hands because I could see every reason why I should do it and no reason why I should not.



The way I was welcomed at the birthday celebration and at the protest was very encouraging, and I was glad that I kept my resolve. I did have a moment or two when I realized that we would each be pleading guilty or not guilty on our own, and not as a group. I talked with Steve about it some, and he gave me some books to help me discern, so I was all set by the time the day came. Plus staying at Frank Panopoulos's home, the night before, with so many of the group, gave me great courage. Frank's hospitality was fabulous. When I arrived he was cutting up the vegetables for the salad. I was very impressed!

As it turned out, it seemed like the Pentagon and the court just wanted us to go away, and that helps no cause, and all remains the same. So now, as I understand it, we would need to go back and be arrested again, this time hoping for a hearing, and eventually a proper place to protest, with the bar on all Pentagon properties taken away. I am honored to stand with you all; you are excellent examples of caring and peace. I fully appreciate your letting a newbie join you! Thank you all; you stay in my prayers.

My name is **Audrey Bernier Schwankl**. I'm 61 and a wife and mother of three. I am an experienced Spanish instructor and at one time I served as a Signal Corp. Officer in the United States Army. I currently work at a food co-op in Pittsboro, North Carolina. My husband Jimmy and I are part-time activists on many issues and share the views and priorities of the Catholic Worker movement. I have been arrested once before as a consequence of peaceful protest but not at the Pentagon.

The main reason I protested for peace on March 27th, and was willing to risk arrest, was because of the influence and encouragement of a joyful, loving, soul named Patrick O'Neill.

When Patrick asked me to join him at his "birthday party" for peace outside the Pentagon, it was an instantaneous "yes" from me because I believe in peace and abhor war. Yet that wasn't the only reason. Patrick has a way of infusing serious activism with creativity, joyfulness and the richness of relationship-building (within the growing family of other activists as well as with those assigned to arrest us!). It was because of these delightful gifts that the invitation was positively irresistible!

The action began that day with a gathering under a highway overpass to listen to the seasoned non-violent activists with us who clearly articulated the truth about war that had been jumbled in my brain for ages. After that, I reveled in walking amongst the crowd of gray heads, young people with kids in their arms or in strollers, bright faced college students, and those forever-activists like Patrick, his

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Arrestees

(Continued from Page 5)

wife Mary and their kids, Frank Cordaro, [Des Moines, IA CW], Martha Hennessy, [NYC CW], Frank Panopolous, Claire and Scott Schaeffer-Duffy, Bill Frankel-Streit, [Little Flower VA CW], Steve Baggarly [Norfolk, VA CW], Erik and Libby Johnson, and others who gave the rest of us confidence.

Once in the vicinity of the Pentagon entrance, we stood with signs or kneeled and sang and prayed, led by the strong, steady voice of Art Laffin, who led us in "Were You There?" It was truth-telling time and all of us told it as one body. The authorities scrambled to assemble enough officers to arrest us, which gave us ample time to get our message across, which we knew we had a constitutional right to do.

After that, twenty-seven of us allowed our bodies to be taken into custody, beginning with Patrick. As we were all simultaneously handcuffed, I watched a college student, one who had been afraid earlier that morning, as she smiled widely and sang out with zeal! The party was in full swing and, with our hands cuffed behind our backs, we all belted out a round of Happy Birthday in celebration of Patrick's 70th! I think our new friends, the officers who arrested me, and my 83-year-old friend Bonnie had a hard time not joining in. Ω

Frank Cordaro & Patrick O'Neill

"If"

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

The First Reading at Mass on June 14 was from Exodus: **Moses went up the mountain to God. Then the LORD called to him and said, "Thus shall you say to the house of Jacob; tell the Israelites: You have seen for yourselves how I treated the Egyptians and how I bore you up on eagle wings and brought you here to myself. Therefore, if you hearken to my voice and keep my covenant, you shall be my special possession, dearer to me than all other people, though all the earth is mine. You shall be to me a kingdom of priests, a holy nation."**

To me, the key word in this reading is "if." Nations that consider themselves especially beloved by God often feel their every action is, by definition, holy. They often forget that God's favor is conditional on obedience to God's will.

When Jesus is asked what is the greatest commandment, he replies: **"The most important is, 'Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, the Lord is one. And you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength.' The second is this: 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself.' There is no other commandment greater than these."**

Since I was born in 1958, the US military has killed at least 3.5 million people in Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Grenada, Panama, Libya, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Nigeria, Lebanon, Nicaragua, Venezuela, and Colombia.

In that same period, Israel has killed over 300,000 people in Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Iran, Jordan, the West Bank, and Gaza, over 1,500 in Gaza and Lebanon since US-sponsored ceasefires.

Conrad Cherry's 1971 book, **God's New Israel,** details how the American conviction that we were chosen by God enabled us to kill with impunity. Clearly, the United States and Israel share a conviction that God is on their side regardless of what either country does, but how can decades of mass killing be squared with the two greatest commandments?

Do we love our neighbors? Does a consciousness of being enslaved in Egypt soften Israeli treatment of strangers? Is our trust in God, as American coins boast, or do we trust in ever more devastating weapons and cruel immigration policies?

Do we imagine that God is unaware of our violence and racism? God is loving and merciful, but not a mindless chump who tolerates sin *ad infinitum*. Scripture is replete with instances when God punishes the chosen people for their failure to live in the holy way God's covenant binds them to live.

When my wife Claire was young and did something questionable, her sister would wag her finger and say ominously, "God knows." As Saint Paul's letter to the Galatians warns, "**God is not mocked.**"

At Mass on June 2nd, in a reading from the 21st chapter of the First Book of Kings, God commands Elias to go to the king of Israel and say: " **Thus says the Lord: You have slain,** [in killing Naboth] **and also you have taken possession of his property. And after these words you shall add: Thus says the Lord: In this place, wherein the dogs have licked the blood of Naboth, they shall lick your blood also.... You have done evil in the sight of the Lord.... Behold I will bring evil upon you....**"

When the United States and Israel follow a satanic playbook, they fall from divine favor and will be punished unless they repent. Instead, God's generosity is heaped on the victims of violence. The poor, oppressed, prisoners, refugees, and migrants are more likely to be blessed than soldiers and taxpayers who perpetrate evil. Bearing this in mind, let's sincerely pray: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord is God, the Lord alone," and pledge, "We shall love our neighbors as ourselves!" Ω

Letters

Editor's Note: Grace Sliwoski and Mike Benedetti noticed two important events we failed to include in our 20-year retrospective: a 2008 civil disobedience at Worcester's Federal Building against the Iraq War, and Claire Schaeffer-Duffy's brush with death in 2015 when a tree crushed the car in which she was sitting.

Ken Hannaford-Ricardi, Scott Schaeffer-Duffy, Sandra McSweeney, Mike Benedetti, & Roger Stanley

Dear Scott and Claire,
I just finished your June/July issue and am inspired and exhausted reading about the last 20 years! Wishing I had more of your strength and stamina! But my favorite line is from you, Claire: "The Holy Spirit works with our yes, even one reluctantly said." Bless you and yours!

Cathy Breen
Maryhouse Catholic Worker
New York, New York

Dear Claire, Scott, & Community,
...the use of color in your publication is quite exciting..... You hold back some of the despair found in the regular and alternative press. Amy [Goodman] can be ironical or cynical—Jeremy [Scahill], too, journalists all! Even when we criticize the adversary, it's best to be careful lest we find ourselves worse off...

Brian Barrett
Baltimore Maryland

Catholic Worker Calendar

NO ROTC
AT HOLY CROSS
WE ARE ALL CALLED
"NO TO WAR! It is always a defeat for humanity"
Pope John Paul II
TO BE PEACEMAKERS
"Train for War No More" Isaiah
"WAR BREEDS WAR"
Pope Francis

Vigil on the Feast of the Holy Cross to Remove ROTC from Holy Cross College

Monday September 14, 2026

11AM - Noon, on the steps of Dinand Library, Holy Cross College

In light of prohet Isaiah's call to "**train for war no more**," Jesus command "**Love your enemies,**" Pope Francis' proclamation "There is no such thing as a just war," and Pope Leo's statement that God "does not listen to the prayers of those who wage war," we believe there should never be military training on Catholic campuses. Please join us for the 40th anniversary vigil to remove ROTC from the College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, Massachusetts.

If you are a Holy Cross graduate or student, please add your name to a petition, signed by 100 HC graduates from 48 different classes, which reads:

For religious, political, ethical, and economic reasons, the following alumni and students call for the removal of ROTC from Holy Cross. We urge the administration to find ways to make the college affordable to all without ROTC.

To add your name, contact Scott Schaeffer-Duffy '80 at theresecw2@gmail.com.

As Daniel Berrigan S.J. said at Holy Cross in 1980, "It's a schizophrenia that runs deep in the soul to try and teach how to love God and to kill in the same place."

"You Can't Build Nuclear Bombs and Care for the Planet"

Remembering Hiroshima - August 6, 6:30-8:30 PM, Elm Park Worcester

Join us on the 81st anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima to pray for nuclear abolition and reneved commitment to care for our common home. Featuring Hiroshima readings, Taiko drumming, Peace Choir Worcester, the floating of peace lanterns, and much more. Details at: **www.nonviolentsolutions.org**

August 12 & 26 September 9 & 23- Evening Prayer: Please join us for prayer with Taizé chant at 52 Mason St. 7 PM. Refreshments to follow.

Mason Street Musings

"Aside from myself, 52 Mason Street is a house full of men right now. There is R. who occupies the smallest bedroom upstairs, as he has for many years. A solitary soul, he circumscribes his days in rigid routine. A shower follows breakfast, then it's laundry, hand-washed at the kitchen sink, and a five or seven-mile walk before returning to his room to read online articles for hours on end. At supper, R. seasons every entree with mounds of crushed red pepper which might explain why he is never sick. On mild evenings, he stands on the upstairs back porch to gaze down at the garden or watch the sun slip behind the tall ash tree at the back of Mason Court.

Igor, a 21-year-old Brazilian recovering from a gun-shot wound, sleeps in the room across from R. Igor arrived in late June, thin and pale with pain and wearing one of those hideous ankle bracelets immigration now requires.

"The shooting was an accident," he.told me. A lover of music, he had gone to a recording studio expecting to deejay, but the place was packed with a rowdy crowd. He didn't even see who held the gun that shot him. Igor's immigration attorney says he has never met anyone who has endured so much trauma. Yet suffering has not sapped Igor of kindness or curiosity. He loves philosophy and is a fan of the stoics. At night, while R. reads and reads, Igor listens to lectures in philosophy.

Seventy-five-year-old David is also here. He had spent two nights in his car when he called to ask if we had a bed available. Seeing Scott and myself hard at Scrabble one evening, David told us his uncle Alfred Mosher Butts of Poughkeepsie invented the game. A quick search online proved David's claim to be true. Mr. Butts, an architect from an affluent Poughkeepsie family, invented Scrabble, then called Criss Cross Words, while temporarily out of work during the Great Depression. Hurrah for human creativity born of hard times!

Ray Kane, public school teacher and volunteer extraordinaire at the nearby Mustard Seed Catholic Worker, has moved in for the summer, perhaps longer. He is a giving soul. Ray oversees the Mustard Seed's summer camp for neighborhood kids, and weekly food bank, and volunteers at its soup kitchen.

Ray turned 50 last week. Friends at the Mustard Seed decorated the place with shiny helium balloons and loops of letter chains that read, "Happy Birthday." When I stopped by to wish him the same, Annie Doyle was passing out chocolate cupcakes to the diners, a few slumped in a stupor, others talking loudly among themselves. Amid the convivial hub-bub stood Ray, fielding questions from two people at once and beaming with a joy you cannot purchase.

"These are my people," Ray later said. "They do more for me sometimes than my own flesh and blood." The loud and troublesome diners, the kids at camp, the immigrant families who hustle or weep their gratitude at the weekly food bank, and the Mustard Seed board members, not always at peace with one another—Ray loves working among them all.

In July, Marco Rubio, Stephen Miller and other US officials announced the Trump administration's latest mission to quell "left wing" political terrorism. I got briefly riled up listening to them, recalling how Rubio and Miller have promoted policies that terrorize immigrants and advocates for justice. Then I pitied the two men for their self-induced impoverishment. Their fearful worldview cuts them off from so much of humanity. I wonder if they have ever experienced the deep joy Ray describes.

This old house where four guests now reside and so many others come and go needs numerous repairs. These and our usual summer bills (this newsletter alone costs $1,300 per issue) require money we do not currently have. If you have some to spare, please remember us. The coffers are quite low. As always, we ask for your prayers. May you have a seven-letter, triple-word-score, blessed summer. Ω **Claire**

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